TAYLORS FAREVVELL, TO THE TOVVER-BOTTLES.

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The Argument.

About Three hundred and Twenty yeares since, or thereabouts, (I thinke in the Raigne of King Richard the Second) there was a guift giuen to the Tower, or to the Lieutenants thereof, for the time then and for euer being, which guift was Two blacke leather Bottles, or Bombards of Wine, from euery Ship that brought Wine into the Riuer of Thames; the which hath so continued vntill this day, but the Marchants finding themselues agreeued lately because they thought the Bottles were made bigger then they were formerly wont to bee, did wage Law with the Lieutenant (Sir Gervis Helwis by Name) in which Sute the Lieutenant had beene ouerthrowne, but for such Witnesses as I found that knew his Right for a long time in their owne knowledge. But I hauing had the Gathering of these Wines for many yeares, was at last Discarded from my place because I would not Buy it, which because it was neuer bought or solde before, I would not or durst not venture vpon so vnheard of a nouelty, it being solde indeed at so high a Rate, that who so bought it must pay thrise the value for it: whereupon I tooke occasion to take leaue of the Bottles in this following Poem, in which the Reader must be very melancholly, if the reading thereof doe not make him very merry.

IOHN TAYLOR.

TAYLORS Farewell, to the *Tower-Bottles.*

(·:·)

BY your leaue Gentlemen, Ile make ſome (ſport,
Although I venture halfe a hanging for't:
But yet I will no peace or mãners breake
For I to none but Leather-bottles ſpeak.
No Anger ſpurres me forward, or deſpight
In ſmooth plaine Verſe I talke of wrong and Right.
The Looſer may ſpeake, when the Winner wins,
And madly merrily my Muſe begins.
Mad Bedlam *Tom*, aſſiſt me in thy Rags,
Lend me thy Army of foule Feinds and Hags:
Hobgoblins, Elues, faire Fayries, and foule Furies,
Let me haue twelue Groce of Infernall Iuries,
With Robin Goodfellow, and bloody Bone
Aſſiſt my merry Muſe, all, euery one.
I will not call to the [a] *Pegaſſian* Nine,
In this they ſhall not ayde me in a Line:
Their fauours Ile reſerue, till fitter time,
To grace ſome better buſines with my Rime,
Plaine home-ſpun ſtuffe ſhall now proceed from me,
Much like vnto the Picture of [b] wee Three.
And now I talke of three, iuſt three we are,
Two falſe blacke Bottles, and my ſelfe at jarre,

[a] The 9. Muſes

[b] The picture of 2. fooles, & the third looking on, I doe fitly compare with the two black Bottles and my ſelfe.

And Reader when you reade our cause of strife,
You'le laugh or else lye downe, Ile lay my life,
But as Remembrance lamely can rehearse,
In sport Ile rip the matter vp in Verse.
Yet first, heere downe I thinke it fit to set
By what meanes first, I with those Bottles met.
Then stroake your Beards my Masters, and giue eare,
I was a Waterman twice Foure long yeare,
And liu'd in a Contented happy state,
Then turn'd the whirling wheele of fickle Fate,
From Water vnto Wine: Sir *William Waad*
Did freely, and for nothing turne my trade.
Ten yeares almost the place I did Retaine, (*Spaine*,
And [c] glean'd Great *Bacchus* blood from *France* and
Few Ships my visitation did escape,
That brought the sprightfull liquor of the Grape:
My Bottles and my selfe did oft agree,
Full to the Top, all merry came *Wee three*.
Yet alwayes 'twas my chance in *Bacchus* spight,
To come into the Tower vnfox'd vpright.
But as mens thoughts a world of wayes doe range,
So as Lieutenants chang'd, did Customes [d] change:
The Ancient vse, vs'd many yeares before,
Was solde, vnto the highest Rate and more,
At such a price, which whosoe're did giue,
Must play the Thiefe, or could not saue and liue.
Which to my losse, I manifestly found
I am well sure it cost me Thirty pound
For One yeare, but before the next yeare come,
'Twas almost mounted to a double [e] summe:
Then I, in scorne, Contempt, and vile disgrace,
Discarded was, and thrust quite from my place,

There

[a] I fill'd the 2. bottles, being in quantity 6. Gallons from euery Ship that brought Wines vp the Riuer of Thames.

[c] The Wines had bin continually brought into the Lieutenants seller of the Tower for the space of 3. 6. yeres, & neuer solde till now of late within this 4. or fiue yeares.

[d] It was solde at these hard Rates by another Lieutenant, (an honest religious Gentleman. and a good housekeeper) by the perswasions of some of his double diligent Seruants.

There *Bacchus* almoſt caſt me in the mire,
And I from Wine to Water did retire.
But when the blinde miſiudging world did ſee,
The ſtrange vnlook'd for parting of vs *Three*,
To heare but how the multitude did judge,
How they did mutter, mumble, prate and grudge,
That for ſome [f] faults I ſurely had committed,
I, in diſgrace thus from my place was quitted.
Theſe Imputations grieu'd me to the heart,
(For they were cauſleſſe, and without deſert)
And therefore, though no man aboue the Ground
That knew the Bottles, would giue Twenty [g] pound
Rather then I would branded be with ſhame,
And beare the burthen of deſertles blame,
To be an Owle, contemptuouſly bewondred,
I would giue [h] Threeſcore, foureſcore, or a hundred.
For I did vow, although I were vndone,
I would redeeme my Credit ouerrunne,
And 'tis much better in a Iayle to Rot,
To ſuffer begg'ry, ſlauery, or what not,
Then to be blaſted with that wrong of wrongs,
Which is the poyſon of Backbiting tongues.
Hoyſted aloft vnto this mounting taxe,
Bound faſt in Bonds in Parchment and with waxe,
Time gallop'd, and brought on the payment day,
And for three Monthes, I Eighteene pounds did pay.
Then I confeſſe, I play'd the Thiefe in graine,
And for one Bottle, commonly ſtole twaine.
But who ſo buyes the place, and meanes to thriue,
Muſt many times for One take foure or fiue.
For this I will maintaine and verifie,
It is an Office no true man can buy.

[f] Againſt all the world I oppoſe my ſelfe in this point, but yet I purpoſe to confeſſe more then any can accuſe me of.

[g] Except hee were a foole or a mad man.

[h] I did heare that that Lieutenant was to leaue his place, which made me bargain with him at any price, in hope that he would not ſtay the full Receiuing, which fel out as I wiſh'd it.

And by that Reaſon, ſure I ſhould ſay well,
It is vnfit for any man to ſell:
For 'till at ſuch an extreame Rate I bought,
To filch or ſteale, I ſcarcely had a thought.
And I dare make a vowe 'fore God and men,
I neuer plaid the Thiefe ſo much as then.
But at the laſt my friendly ſtarres agreed,
That from my heauy bonds I ſhould be [i] freed:
Which if I euer come into againe,
Let hanging be the Guerdon for my paine.
Then the [k] old Cuſtome did againe begin,
And to the Tower I brought the Bottles in,
For which for ſeruing more then halfe a yeere,
I (with much loue) had Wages and good Cheere,
'Till one [l] moſt valiant, ignorantly ſtout,
Did buy, and ouer-buy, and buy me out.
Thus like Times Footeball was I often toſt
In Dock out Nettle, vp downe, bleſt and croſt,
Out-fac'd and fac'd, grac'd and againe diſgrac'd,
And as blinde Fortune pleas'd, diſplac'd or plac'd.
And thus, for ought my [m] *Augurie* can ſee
Diuorc'd and parted euer are *wee Three.*
Old *Nabaoth*, my caſe is much worſe then thine,
Thou but thy Vineyard loſt, I loſt the Wine:
Two witneſſes (for bribes) thee falſe accus'd,
(Perhaps) ſome prating Knaues hath me abus'd:
Yet thy wrong's more then mine, the Reaſon why,
For thou waſt [n] ſton'd to death, ſo am not I.
But as the dogges did eate the fleſh and gore
Of *Iezabell*, that Royall painted Whore,
So may the Gallowes eate ſome friends of mine,
That firſt ſtriu'd to remoue me from the Wine.

This

[i] That Lieutenant left his place, by which I was eaſed of my hard paiments.

[k] By this Lieutenant that now is.

[l] A deſperate Clothworker that did hunger and thirſt to vndoe him ſelfe.

[m] *Augury* is a kind of Sooth ſaying, by the flight of birds.

[n] *Nabaoth* was ſtoned to death, ſo am not I.

This may by ſome misfortune, be their lot,
Although that any way I wiſh it not.
But farewell Bottles, neuer to returne,
Weepe you in Sack, whil'ſt I in Ale will mourne;
Yet though you haue no reaſon, wit, or ſence,
I'le ſenceleſſe chide you for your vile offence,
That from your foſter father me, would ſlide
To dwell with Ignorance, a blinde-fold guide,
For who in *Britaine* knew (but I) to vſe you,
And who but I knew how but to abuſe you;
My ſpeech to you, no Action ſure can beare,
From *Scandala magnatum* I am cleare.
When Vpland Trades-men thus dares take in hand
A wat'ry buis'neſſe, they not vnderſtand:
It did preſage things would turne topſie turuie,
And the concluſion of it would be ſcuruie.
But leauing him vnto the courſe of Fate,
Bottles let you and I a while debate,
Call your extrauagant wilde humours home,
And thinke but whom you are departed from;
I that for your ſakes haue giu'n ſtabs and ſtripes,
To giue you ſuck from Hogſheads and from Pipes,
I that with paines and care you long haue nurſt,
Oft fill'd you with the beſt, and left the worſt.
And to maintaine you full would often pierce
The beſt of Butts, a Puncheon, or a Tierce,
Whil'ſt Pipes and Sackbuts were the Inſtruments
That I plaid on, to fill your full contents.
With Baſtart, Sack, with Allegant, and Rheniſh,
Your hungry mawes I often did repleniſh,
VVith Malmeſie, Muskadell, and Corcica,
VVith VVhite, Red, Clarret, and Liatica,

My Bottles doe deſerue a little reproofe.

With Hollocke, Sherant, Malliga, Canara,
I ſtuft your ſides vp with a ſurſarara,
That though the world was hard, my care was ſtill,
To ſearch and labour you might haue your fill.
That when my Maſter did or Sup or Dine,
He had his choyſe of ℘ Fifteene ſorts of Wine.
And as good Wines they were, I dare be bolde,
As any Seller in this Land did holde.
Thus from theſe Bottles I made honour ſpring,
Befitting for the Caſtle of a King.
This Royalty, my labour did maintaine,
When I had meate and wages for my paine.
Ingratefull *Bottles*, take it not amiſſe
That I, of your vnkindnes tell you this,
Sure if you could ſpeake, you would ſay in briefe,
Your greateſt want, was ſtill my greateſt griefe.
Did I not often in my boſome hugge you,
And in mine armes would (like a Father) lugge you,
Haue I not run through Tempeſts, guſts and ſtormes,
And met with danger in ſtrange various formes,
All times and Tides, with, and againſt the ſtreame,
Your welfare euer was my labours Theame.
Sleet, Raine, hayle, winde, or Winters froſty chaps,
Ioues Lightning, or his dreadfull Thunderclaps,
When all the Elements in one Conſpire,
Sad Earth, ſharpe Ayre, rough Water, flaſhing Fire,
Haue warr'd on one another, as if all
This world of nothing, would to nothing fall.
When ſhowring hayleſhot, from the ſtorming heau'n
Nor bluſtering Guſts by *Eol's* belching driuen,
Could holde me backe, then oft I ſearcht and ſought,
And found, and vnto you the purchaſe brought.

℘ This was a credit to the Kings Caſtle and to the Lieutenant thereof.

All

to the Tower-Bottles.

All weathers, faire, foule, Sunshine, wet and dry,
I trauail'd still your paunches to supply.
Oft haue I fought, and swagger'd in your Right,
And fild you still by either sleight or might.
And in th'Exchequor I stood for your Cause,
Else had you bin confounded by the Lawes.
I did produce such ¶ witnesses, which croſt
The Marchants sute, else you had quite bin lost,
And (but for me) apparantly 'tis knowne,
You had bin Kicksie winsie ouerthrowne,
And for my seruice, and my much paines taken,
I am cashier'd, abandon'd, and forsaken.
I knew it well, and said, and swore it too,
That he that bought you would himselfe vndoe,
And I was promist, that when hee gaue o're,
That I should fill you, as I did before,
For which Foure yeares with patience I did stay,
Expecting he would breake, or run away,
Which though it bee falne out as I expected,
Yet neretheleſſe my seruice is rejected.
Let men judge if I haue not cause to write
Against my Fortune, and the worlds despight,
That in my prime of strength, so long a ʳ spaoe,
I toyl'd and drudg'd, in such a gaineleſſe place,
VVhereas the best part of my life I spent,
And (to my power) gaue euery man content,
In all which time which I did then remaine,
I gaue no man occasion to complaine,
For vnto all that know me I appeale,
To speake if well or ill I vsde to deale,
Or if there bee the least abuse in mee,
For which I thus from you should sundred bee.

¶ I found and brought 3. witnesses that knew, & took their Oathes for the quantities of the Bottles for 50. yeares.

ʳ 14. yeares.

For

Taylors *farewell*

For though my profit by you was but ſmall,
Yet ſure my Gaine was loue in generall.
And that I doe not lye, nor ſpeake amiſſe,
I can bring hundreds that can witnes this,
Yet for all this I euer am put off,
And made a ſcorne, a by word and a ſcoffe.
It muſt ſome Villaines information be,
That hath maliciouſly abuſed me,
But if I knew the miſinforming elfe,
I would write lines ſhould make him hang himſelfe.
Be he a Great man that doth vſe me ill,
(That makes his will his Law, and Law his will)
I holde a Poore man may that Great man tell,
How that in doing ill, he doth not well.
But Bottles blacke, once more haue at your breech,
For vnto you I onely bend my ſpeach
Full fourteene times had *Sols* illuſtrious Rayes,
Ran through the *Zodiacke*, when I ſpent my dayes
To conſerue, reſerue, preſerue and deſerue
Your loues, whē you with wants were like to ſtarue,
A Groce of Moones, and twice 12. months beſides,
I haue attended you all times and tides.
If I gain'd Twelue-pence by you all that time,
May I to Tyburne for promotion Climbe,
For though the blinde world vnderſtand it not,
I know there's nothing by you can be got,
Except a drunken pate, a ſcuruy word,
And now and then be tumbled ouer-boord,
And thongh theſe miſchiefes I haue kept me fro,
No other Bottleman could e're doe ſo.
Tis knowne you haue bin ſtab'd, throwne in the (Thames,
And he that fild you beaten, with exclaimes,

By

to the Tower-Bottles.

By Marchants, who haue much abuſed bin
VVhich Exigents, I neuer brought you in,
But I with peace and quietnes got more,
Then any brabling e're could doe before.
The VVarders knowes, each Bottleman (but I)
Had alwayes a crack'd crowne, or a blacke eye,
Oft beaten like a Dog, with a ſcratch'd face,
Turn'd empty beaten backe with vile diſgrace.
Theſe iniuries my ſelfe did bring in quiet,
And ſtill with peace I fild you free from Ryot.
My labours haue bin dedicate to you,
And you haue dealt with me, as with a *Iew*,
For vnto thouſand witneſſes 'tis knowne,
I did eſteeme your welfare as mine owne.
But an obiection from my words may runne,
That ſeeing nothing by you may be wonne,
VVhy I doe keepe this deale of doe about you
When as I ſay, I can liue beſt without you.
I anſwer, though no profit you doe bring,
Yet there is many a profitable thing,
Which I of [r] Marriners might often buy,
Which vnto me would yeeld commodity.
And I expected when the Time ſhould be,
That I ſhould fill you, as 'twas promiſt me,
Whereby ſome other profit might be got,
Which I in former times remembred not,
All which could doe the Cuſtome houſe [t] no wrong,
VVhich to repeat heere would be ouer-long.
But I was ſleighted, with moſt vile diſgrace,
And one that was my Prentiſe plac'd in [u] place.
But holla holla Muſe, come backe come backe,
I ſpeake to none but you, you Bottles blacke.

[r] This courſe neuer came into my mind in 14. yeares, whilſt I kept the place.

[s] A jarre of Oliues, or Oyle, a fewe Potatoes, Oranges Lemmons, & diuers other things, which a man may buy, get, and ſaue by.

[u] The fellow was euer a true man to me, & I enuy not his happines, but yet I haue very foule play of-

You fred

Taylors *farewell*

You that are now turn'd Monſters, moſt ingrate,
Where you haue cauſe to loue moſt, moſt to hate,
You that are of good manners quite depriu'd,
Worſe then the [x] Beaſt from whence you are deriu'd,
If you be good for nothing but what's naught,
Then ſure you haue bin better fed then taught:
Beſides the world will taxe me, and ſay ſtill
The fault was mine that nurtur'd you ſo ill.
Perſiſting thus, in your iniurious wrong,
It ſhewes y'are drunke with being Empty long.
Long faſting ſure hath made you weake and dull,
For you are ſteddieſt when you are moſt full.
Me thinkes I heare you ſay the fault's not yours,
You are commaunded, by Superiour powers,
But if the choyſe were yours, you had much rather
That I, then any one the Wines ſhould gather.
Alas poore fooles, I ſee your force is weake,
Complaine you cannot, wanting power to ſpeake:
If you had ſpeech, it may be you would tell,
How with you and the Marchants I delt well,
But 'tis no matter, though you ſilent be,
My fourteene yeares long ſeruice ſpeakes for me.
And for the Marchants ſtill my friends did proue,
I'le tell them ſomewhat to requite their Loue.
Firſt let their wiſedomes but collect and ſumme,
How many Ships with Wine doe yearely come,
And they will finde that all theſe Bottles ſhall
Not fill [y] nine Hogſheads, at the moſt of all,
Then he that for them Three Tonne dares to giue,
The caſe is plaine, he muſt or beg or theeue.
I doe not ſay that you haue bin abuſde,
But you may partly gueſſe how you were vſde.

Indeed

[x] They are made of a Beaſts hide.

[y] At 3. gallons from a Ship, & from ſome but 1. gallon and a halfe, I account 30. Ships allowance is the quantity of 1. Hogſhead, whereby it may be eaſily found in the Cuſtomhouſe if I ſpeake true or not.

Indeed[2] I thinke we ne're ſo ſoone had parted,
Had friendly outſides bin but friendly hearted,
The ſweet bayte Couers the deceiuing hookes,
And falſe hearts can put on good wordes and lookes.
All is not Golde the Prouerbe ſayes that gliſters,
And I could wiſh their Tongues were full of bliſters,
That with their flatt'ring diligence moſt double,
Themſelues, and you, and I, thus much did trouble.
For miſinforming paltry Knaues muſt be
The Inſtruments of ſuch indignity.
But as the faireſt Garden hath ſome weeds, (breeds.
And 'mongſt the cleaneſt flocke ſome ſcab'd ſheepe
Or as the Tare amongſt the Wheat doth growe
Good onely for what's ill, yet makes a ſhowe.
So ther's no Great houſe fixed on the ground,
But Clawbacke Sichophants may there be found,
For 'tis a Maxim held in euery Nation,
Great men are wayted on by Adulation.
No doubt but ſome doth to the Court reſort,
And ſure the Tower muſt imitate the Court,
As *Cæſars* Pallace may (perhaps) haue many,
So *Cæſars* Caſtle cannot ſay not any.
I haue found ſome that with each winde wold moue
With hearts all hatred, and with tongues all Loue,
Who with Hats mou'd, would take me by the Fiſt,
With Complements of honeſt *Iacke* how iſt?
I'm glad to ſee thee well with all my heart,
Long haue I long'd to drinke with thee a quart,
I haue beleeu'd this Droſſe had bin pure Golde,
When preſently I haue bin bought and ſolde
Behinde my backe (for no deſert or Cauſe)
By thoſe that kindely Cap'd and kiſt their Clawes.

[2] Now I ſpeak of the Bottles againe.

For

For one of them (an ancient Reuerend Scribe)
Receiued Forty ſhillings for a bribe,
On purpoſe ſo to bring the caſe about
To put another in, and thruſt me out.
Long was the time this buſines was a brewing,
Vntill fit opportunity accruing,
I was diſplac'd, yet ſpight the bribed Sharke,
The man that gaue the bribe did miſſe the marke.
O Bottles Bottles, Bottles, Bottles, Bottles,
Platoes diuine workes, nor great *Ariſtotles*,
Did ne're make mention that a guift ſo Royall,
was euer bought and ſolde, like ſlaues diſloyall.
For ſince King *Richard*, ſecond of that Name,
(I thinke) your high Prerogatiue you Claime:
And this much heere to write I dare be bolde
You are a guift, not giuen to be ſolde,
For ſence or Reaſon neuer would alowe
That you ſhould e're be bought and ſolde till now.
Philoſophers with all their Documents,
Nor aged Time with Antique monuments,
Did euer mention ſuch vntoward Elues,
That did more idely caſt away themſelues.
To ſuch lowe Ebbe your baſenes now doth ſhrinke,
Whereas you yearely did make Thouſands drinke.
The hatefull Title now to you is left,
Y'are Inſtruments of begg'ry and of Theft.
But when I fild you (I dare boldly ſweare)
From all theſe imputations you were cleare,
Againſt which I dare, dare, who dare or can,
To anſwer him and meete him man to man,
Truth armes me, with the which I will holde Bias,
Againſt the ſhocke of any falſe *Goliah*.

to the Tower-Bottles.

Bottles you haue not wanted of your fill,
Since you haue left me, by your heedleſſe will,
You ſcarce haue taſted penury or want,
(For cunning Theeues are ſeldome ignorant)
Yet many times you haue beene fild with traſh,
Scarce good enough your dirty skins to waſh.
All this I know, and this I did deuine,
But all's one, Draffe is good enough for Swine.
I doe not heere inueigh, or yet Enuy
The places profit, none can come thereby,
And in my hand it lyes (if ſo I pleaſe)
To ſpoyle it, and not make it worth a Peaſe.
And to the world I'le cauſe it to appeare,
Who e're giues for you Twenty pounds a yeare.
Muſt from the Marchants pilfer Foureſcore more,
Or elſe he cannot liue, and pay the ſcore.
And to cloſe vp this point, I ſay in briefe,
VVho buyes it is a Begger, or a Thiefe,
Or elſe a Foole, or to make all agree,
He may be Foole, Thiefe, Begger, all the Three.
So you falſe Bottles, to you both adieu,
The *Thames* for mee, not a *Denier* for you.

FINIS.

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